

WIT & HUMOR AND SARCASM FROM THE CARTOONISTS AND FUNNY MEN



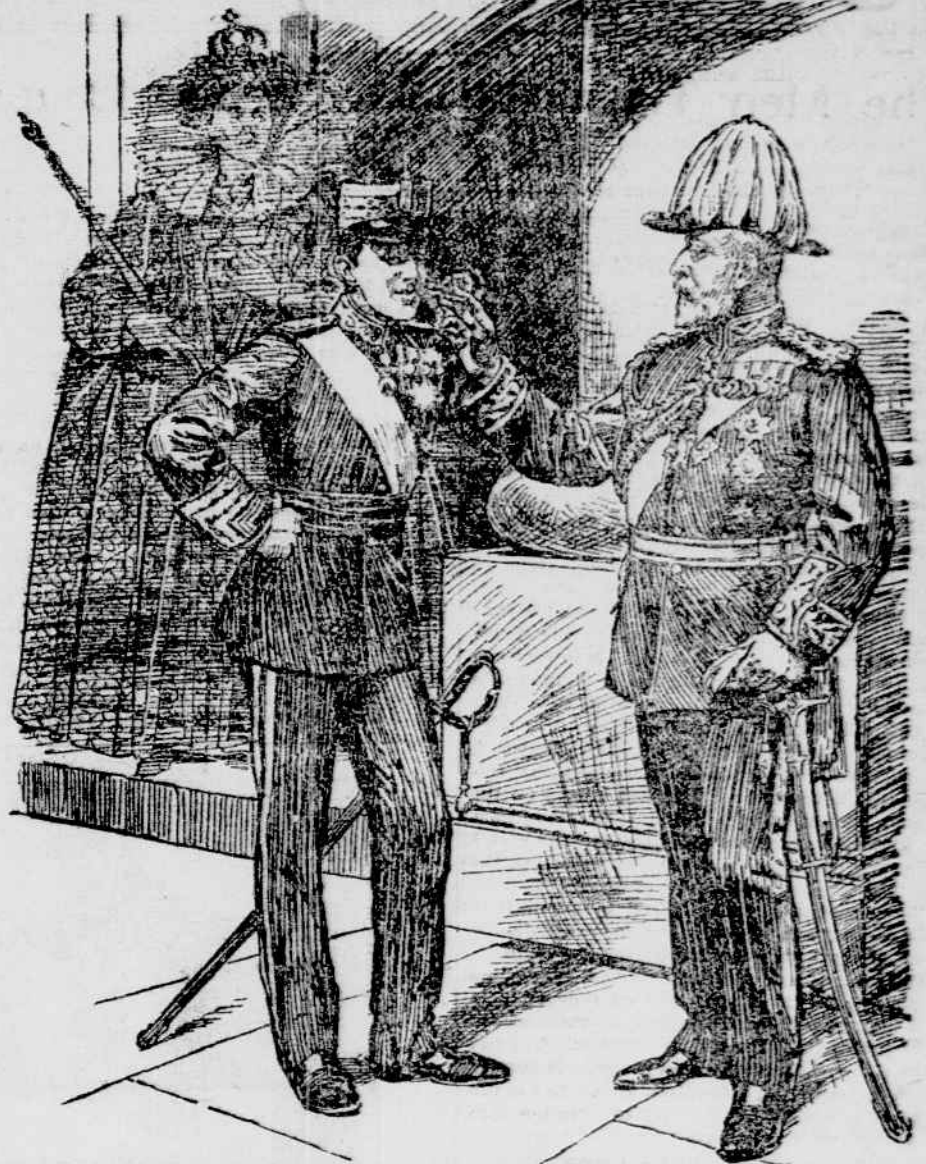
CHOOSE!

—(London Graphic)



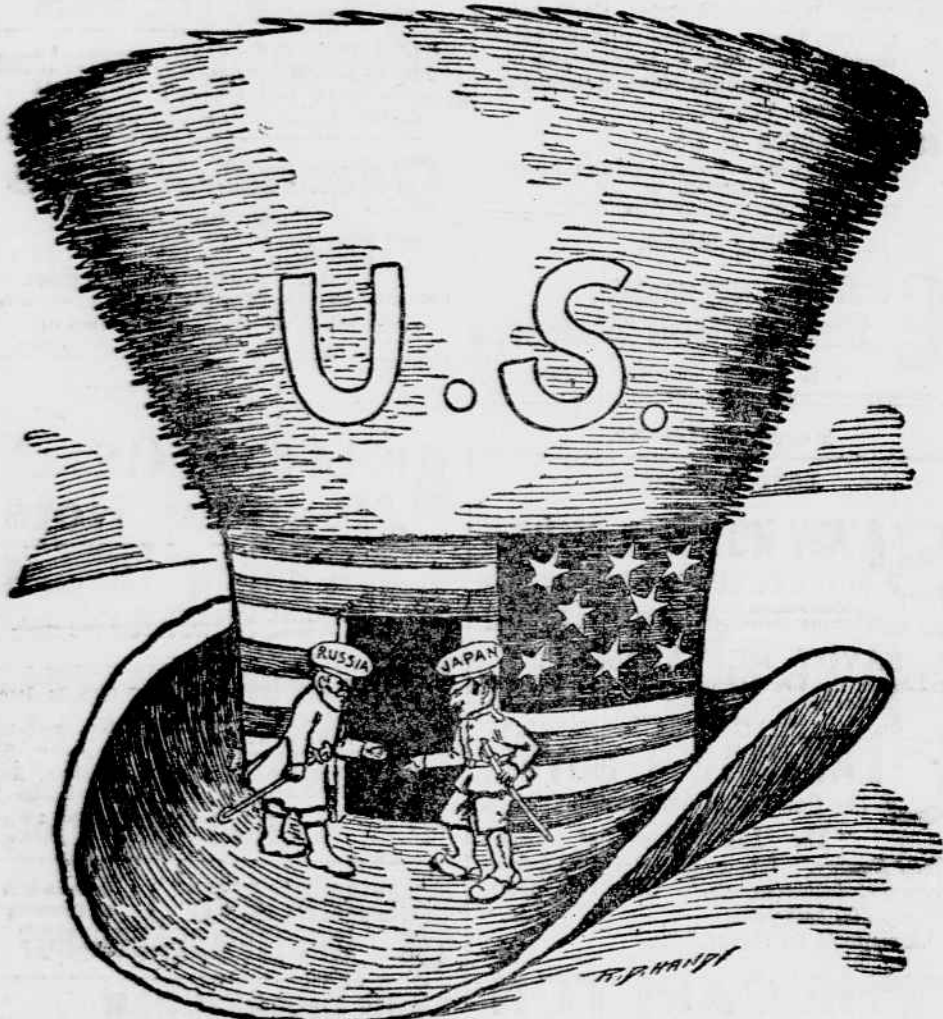
"THE FRUITS OF VICTORY."
Will he get home with them?

—(Minneapolis Journal)



A WELCOME INVASION.
Shade of Queen Elizabeth: "Odds my life! A King of Spain in England! And right cousinly entreated with!"

—(Punch)



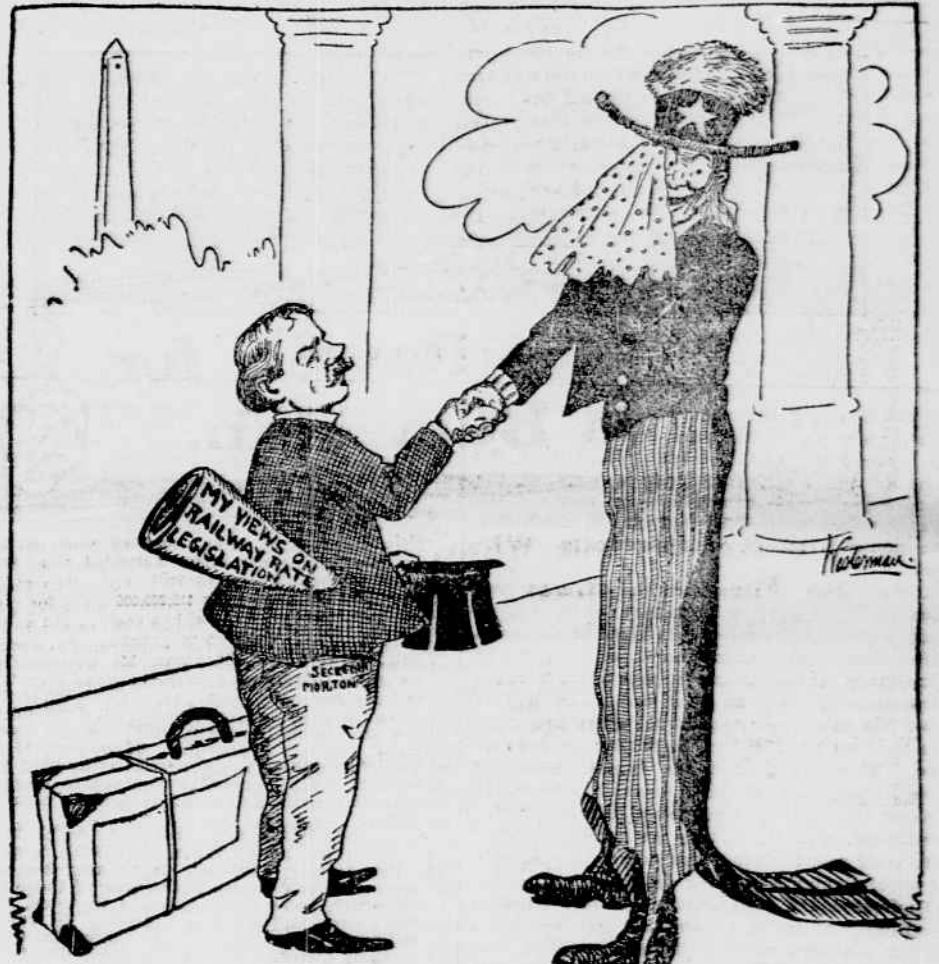
THE NEW TEMPLE OF PEACE.

—(Duluth News Tribune)



THE NEW SLOGAN IN CHICAGO.
"All aboard for our new suburb in the East."

—(Chicago Inter-Ocean)



"SO YOU REALLY MUST GO, MR. MORTON?"

—(Ohio State Log)



APPROPRIATE.

"I have four sisters, but they are all married."
"Ah, now I see why you call ze mother, mater. Eet ees because she finds always mates for ze young ladies."

—(The Byrander)



JUDGED BY HIS RECORD.

Employer: My friend came to tell me that my dear old uncle Joe is dead! Well, may his ashes rest in peace.
Typhoid Askes! What makes you think he has gone there?

—(Illustrated Bits)



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Small Girl: Please, Mrs. Drennan, mother sends her compliments, and will you lend her a crust cos she's got company?
Mrs. Drennan (who hasn't the faintest idea what a crust is): Tell your mother I'm very sorry, my dear, but ours is torn.

—(The Tattler)



NOT SO FAR WRONG.

Sympathetic Lady: Very sad that your husband should have lost his leg! How did it happen?
Mrs. Muggles: Why, he got run over by one o' these 'ere subtraction engines, miss!



IN THE NORTH COUNTRY.

Gravedigger (to doctor's coachman)—Is the doctor busy the noo?
Coachman—Aye, we're running out every day.
Gravedigger (resentfully)—I ha'e na' dug a hole for him this lang while.

—(The Tattler)



INCORRIGIBLE.

"Do you know where little boys who smoke cigarettes go?"
"Yes, in behind our stable used to be the safest place, but ma's on to it now!"

—(Curtis's Club)



UPPER CUTS, TOO!

"What makes your dog such a fighter?"
"Cos we feed him on scraps!"

—(Curtis's Club)